

Money to Blow (feat. Drake)

Birdman & Lil Wayne

Richer than the richest

More money, bitches

Yeah, coming to you live from the city of Houston-Atlanta-Vegas

So what do you do, young lady? One hundred I am on a 24-hour champagne diet

Spillin' while I'm sippin', I encourage you to try it

I'm probably just saying that 'cause I don't have to buy it

The club owner supply it, boy I'm on that fly shit I am what everybody in my past don't want me to be

Guess what? I made it, I'm the mutha fuckin' man, I just want you to see

Come take a look, get a load of this, nigga, quit frontin' on me

Don't come around and try and gas me up, I like runnin' on EI, I, I, I'm on my Disney shit, Goofy flow

On records, I'm Captain, and my new car is Roofio

Damn, where my roof just go, I'm somebody that you should know

Get to shakin' somethin' 'cause that's what Drumma produced it for

Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for

Like leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing hoes

I'm losing my thoughts, I say damn where my roof just go?

Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl

I got em They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em

Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow

I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall

All over your skin I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh

Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh

Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh

(Cash money millionaire, yo, yo)

Got money to blow Richer than the richest

We certified gettin' it CM, YM, Cash Money business

Higher than the ceiling, fly like a bird

Hit the Gucci store and later get served

We smoked out with no roof on it

Them people passin', so we smash 'em

Ballin' out, we keep the cash on deck

Lamborghinis and the Bentleys on the V Set Louie lens iced up with the black diamonds

Car of the year, Ferrari, the new Spider

No lie, I'm higher than I ever been

Born rich, born uptown, born to win Fully loaded, automatic 6 Benz

Candy paint, foreign lights with my bitch in

Born hustlin', too big, nigga, to size me up

Can't stop me, more money, burn 'em up They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em

Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow

I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skinI got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
 Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, ohWhen I get paid every 24 hours, money and the power
 Come to VIP and get a champagne shower
 I don't have to worry because everything ours
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Jane's flowersThat kush, I promise that's my doobie
 We don't smoke that Reggie Bush
 And I'm with two women, make you take a second look
 We poppin' like champagne bottles, but we never shook
And we goin' be alright if we put Drake on every hookThey can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
 Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
 I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skinI got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
 Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh
 Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh
 Got money to blow

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